

April 23, 1889

Sketch of the life of Joseph Stacy Murdock,  
Born June 26, 1822 in Madison Co., New York State

When 17 months old, my Grandfather and Grandmother took me to New Salem, Mass., my Mother and Father being sick.

At five years old, I was mashed by knocking the lynch pin out of the lower wheel of a big wheel of a lumbering cart standing on a side hill. My head passed between the spokes near the hub and I was taken up for dead and was laid out for dead. After a little while I came to and got well.

When I was ten years old, I went to stay with my Mother and Father. They lived in New York State. Both of my Grandfathers were Revolutioners. My Uncle, Nathaniel Deaskell was a life-guard to Old Washington.

My Father was sick 35 years and Mother was sick 7 years, being confined to her room in the year 1836. Father and Mother were healed by the power of God by the laying on of hands of the Elders of the Latter Day Saints in the year 1842.

I was married and with Father and Mother started for Nauvoo in Illinois. My Father was taken deranged and deaf in 1837 and I got him into the hands of the Prophet Joseph Smith in the Fall of 1842. Brother Joseph made him a promise in the name is Israel God that if He would be baptized in the Mississippi River 7 times, He should be made whole in one week. This was complied with and He was made whole in the time set apart never to be any more afflicted in life, and was sound of mind.

We bought our Farm from Bro. Joseph either in the year 1843 or 1844 in the Fall. I took my team and hauled several of the Brethren for witnesses for Bro. Joseph Smith Anson, Called as one at that time. Circus Campfield knocked down one of the mob. Bro. Joseph was released by George Douglas and We went home to Nauvoo.

I think in the Fall Of 1843, Brother Joseph stood on the frame building at that time the Nauvoo Legion surrounded the Frame. Bro. Joseph drew his sword, unsheathed it and declared that Peace should commence to leave the People of the Earth and should ten times leave them until it had left them entirely and rest with the Latter Day Saints. Saints at that time called on the thunders and lightnings and elements combined to carry out their part in the destruction of the Earth and the people thereof.

I stood Guard with my Brethren day and nite from 1842-1846. I went with Bro. Joseph Smith when on the way to Carthage Jail. I went in among the horses and held onto his pants and begged to go with him. He told me He thought if I went, others would want to go, so I gave up. He told me whatever I did, not to give up The Latter Day work, for it was true and if they killed him, judgement would come upon this Nation and if they let him live, their days would be prolonged. He went on to Carthage Jail and was killed.

His remains were brought to Nauvoo and the people, in sorrow, witnessed the scene in mourning for the Prophet of the Lord.

Times rolled on until Bro. Brigham Young came forward and took the stand in Nauvoo. I seen Bro. Brigham transfigured into the image of Joseph Smith, the teeth out of the mouth that the mob broke of Bro. Joseph when they undertook to turn egofortis down him. This was a testimony to me that the Lord had placed the rolling on of the great latter day work upon Brigham Young. I heard Bro. Joseph Smith roll the rolling of this great latter day work upon the Twelve Apostles with Brigham Young at the head. From thi time Bro. Brigham had control of The Latter Day Saints.

Joseph Stacy Murdock

We were harrassed by the mob until we left Nauvoo. I went in Mackin Stock Co. We traveled to Carthage and had Lunch, then went to Knowlton's and got Breakfast. We then started for the Green Plains. There the mob had taken a sick woman and carried her out of doors, then carried her Bed out, put her on it and set fire to her house and burned it down. They then went into Her Melon-patch and were eating melons when we came along. They ran and cut the lines of their Horses. We came on to them and killed two. The rest got away. This broke up the burning.

In the year 1846, we were driven from Nauvoo and landed in Winter Quarters, now called Omaha. There the Mormon Battalion was called to go to Mexico. I went and offered to go. Bro. Brigham wanted me to stay and help take care of the woman and children. I was called with 9 others to take care of them. Late we took 1,000 head of cattle up the Missouri River. We herded them among the Omaha Indians.

In the Spring of 1847 we moved camp, returning to Winter Quarters. The Woman and children moved down the river. I started from Winter Quarters to meet them. That nite, the Sioux Indians killed 73 Omaha Indians. I got up the River as far as Bro. Kimball's camp, when the Indians came down on the Camp. It was all the Brethren could do to pacify them. I left camp and met the Women and

Children with a small boy by the name of Conover. There was not a man who dared to leave Camp to go with me they were so afraid. I started with the Boy, traveled about 5 miles and was taken by the Indians. They were terrible mad. They their war stakes and held council over us. At last they agreed to let us go would not let the Sioux know where they were. I agreed and went on and met the women and children. I sent a boy, Horton Haight, to let the men know and keep the cattle back under the Bluff. I returned with the Women and Children and the Indians. We had a hard time getting free. A couple of the Women were st. by the m. I made out by the help of the Chief and some of the Indians. We got off all right and felt to thank the Lord for our escape. There were 70 & 5 Indians.

When we got to Sarps Point on the Missouri river, we crossed and went to the Cold Springs, for my Brother John died and was buried in an Indian grave that Colonel Cane had taken up his skeleton.

Forty miles the other side of Sarps Point I found a yoke of Oxen. I drove on to Camp, took my Horse and started to get the Oxen. I had traveled about six miles when I came to a Muddy Creek. I could not get my Horse across, so I drew my lines up on his neck and let him go back to Camp. I crossed the Creek, four the Cattle and drove them to the Creek. It came on dark and I got lost. After traveling around some it grew very dark. I found some high grass, pulled some and made my bed for the nite. I had a sheep skin around my shoulders and no coat or vest. I dreamed of Buffalo Robes for I was cold. The Wolves howled and I thot of Camp. My Mother worried and my Wife tried to comfort her. When the stars came out, I started for Camp and got there at Sun-up, and no Oxen yet.

We moved on to Sarps Point and camped for some days. I found the Oxen belonged to Bro. John Taylor. Bro. Geo Cannon and I went back and found them and all was right. Without money and without price.

I had a yoke of Oxen die from over-heat. We came to a camp of Sioux Indian. They had taken a lot of Oxen from among the Buffalo. The Brethren went over the Platte River to buy them. I sat down on the ground and a man rode up to me and said "Boy, take this Horse and Saddle and go over the River and trade them for what you can get". I said "Maybe you need that yourself". He said "That is none of your business." I said "All right", mounted the Horse and went over the River.

Bro. Chas. Rich had charge of buying the Cattle. I said I needed a yoke of Oxen. He said All right, and when my turn came, I got up, pulled off the Saddle and Bridle and asked an Indian what He would give me for the Horse. He gave me Oxen for the Horse. I asked another what He would give me for the Bridle and Saddle. He gave an Oxen. I pulled (See Page 3)

off my Shirt, then asked what other Indian owned the other Oxen? They told me the Indian was on a hunt. I told them I'd come back to the River the next morning and would buy the other Oxen. We moved Camp four miles that night. The next morning, I took a peck of corn and some Calico Dress patterns and went back to the River. The Indians came across with the Oxen and He sold him to me for those things. I got one Oxen from the man and one from the Indians, so that made my team good. So you can see that I was blessed. The Man's name was Jacob Houtz. He lives at Springville.

The next Spring, I started for the Rocky Mountains. We crossed the horn and went on up the Platte River to Devil's Gate and on to Sandy. We met President Young returning from Salt Lake in the year 1847. We travelled on to Green River. There we forded it and went on to Fort Bridger, then to Bear River and then to Echo Canyon. We crossed the Weber River, then over the little mountain to the mouth of Emigration Canyon. We camped there for a few days then moved to the old Fort on City Creek. We went to work to build the Fort and make our Homes. We had a nice Winter. Dug rows of Thistles to eat. The Battalion Boys returned to us and we fed them. We all got along first rate. Ate Wolves, Cattle Hides, Beef, Roots and so on.

In the Spring of 1848, I commenced plowing on Mill Creek and planted 5 acres of corn. The bottom land was so frosty up to Niff Mill. We could raise very little at first. I bought 6 little potatoes, paid 75 cents. Raised one half bushel of Corn. Grew well when it commenced to ear. The crickets commenced to cut down Bro. Bois corn. He had ten acres standing to the side of mine. I saw the Crickets cut down the last hill of his Corn. Mine came next. There was a furrow plowed and the water ran in it. I thought I heard Thunder, but could not see a cloud. I looked overhead and saw the Heavens full of Sea Gulls. They landed all along the ditch and commenced eating the Crickets. They would eat, drink a little water, then spew them up and start in eating again. So on until they killed them all and so we were saved. I stood like a post and saw them kill the Crickets. They never cut 10 hills of my Corn down, so you can see the hand of the Lord in preserving us.

In 1849 I joined the "Minute Men". I was the third man to join. William Kimball and George Grant were before me. Our duty was to watch the Indians and look after the welfare of the people. We often had some trouble with the Indians and so on up to the Indian War in Provo, Utah County.

I was in the first battle. Saw the first Indian shot by Delbert Miles. He shot him out of a tree. I saw the Indian up in the tree and drawed my Gun to shoot him. Bro. Miles stepped up and said "What are you shooting at?" I said, "You see that Indian in that tree?" He let me have a shot with my rifle, then He shot him out of the tree. The Indian came down head first dead. We went up the River a little way, I went out in an opening and an Indian crawled up behind me. The Snow was 2 feet deep. There was a log behind me across the opening. The Indian crawled on his Belly to this log and made a hole through the Snow with his Gun. My back was toward him. He got a dead rest on me and pulled the trigger. It was a flint lock. I heard the click of the lock, turned my head quick and saw the flash of the Gun. I dropped real quick and the bullet passed over me. The Indian gave a yell. He did not get me. I was all right.

Directly on over, engaged in battle, Miles shot the Chief and was shot by my side through both legs. I had him sent to the Fort. I was detailed to take care of the wounded. I served in The Minute Company several years, often in Indian Territory.

I served as a Constable some years, then worked for the Church for eight years. Was called on a Mission to Carson Valley. There, Abram Hunsaker and I bought out "Lucky Bill" for \$5,000.00. We stayed there

about three years, then returned to Salt Lake in the time of the Johnson's Army War and furnished several Horses to help out the campaign and done the best I could to help.

I then settled in American Fork, stayed there 4 years and was called to go to Provo Valley. I was a Bishop instead of William Wall. I served 2 years as such. I was appointed a Bishop by President Brigham Young, then was appointed as Stake President. (This is all now Wasatch County.) I served the People in all 8 years, then was called to go on a Mission to Dixy.

*Nov 1860*  
I got ready and started on my journey. Elizabeth and family, also Nettie and family. We traveled on to Hamilton Creek the other side of Cedar City. There we lost one of our Mules by drowning. Our teams began to gradually fail. We traveled on until we halted at Washington and rested a few days. We then started on through St. George, then onto the Beaver Dams, then down the "Virgin" River to St. Thomas, then up the "Muddy" to St. Joseph where we stopped for sometime. Then we moved to the Upper "Muddy" above the California crossing. There we settled and made our Farms. The Boys herded Sheep. They were Jonathan, Alva, James Alphonzo, David, Elizabeth and Nettie. Nelson and Albert were born in Dixy. We had a very rough time with the Indians. We stayed there until the Settlement was broken up. We then got ready, sold our Cattle and got Mules and started North. We traveled steadily until we reached home in Provo Valley and joined the rest of our Family. We soon got the United States Mail contract and ran a distance of 75 miles from Provo to Echo Canyon.

With Farming and carrying Mail, I made out to live tolerably well although the Boys had to swim the Weber River and the Provo River. At one time, I was swimming the Provo and my Horse reared up and over. I was caught under him and we floated down the big Slew the other side of Billie Wrights on Provo River. I caught hold of a big Willow, then by pulling the Horse by the Bridle and getting the lines into my left hand I hung to the Willow and unsaddled him with my right hand. I then drug myself and Horse by hanging from willow to willow until we got out all right.

I finished carrying mail and for years have tended my Farms and schooled the Children. In the year 1887 I was thrown from a Horse. Riding along early, with halter loose, a Woman came to her door to shake a Bed-spread. She saw me, then waited a little and gave the spread a shake. The Horse saw it and jumped. I caught on his hips and flung my legs into his flanks. This scared him and He commenced jumping, stiff legged throwing Me as far as he could. I struck on my breast in the hard road and burst my right lung. I was very bad. It was doubtful as to my recovery, but I made the riffle all right.

I will give a list of my adventures from my Boyhood:

My first was when about four years old. My Grandfather used to take me down to the Barn when He went to feed his Cattle. He would take me in the stable and open the doors to the cow shed. Then He would clean her tits and start the milk for me, then I would suck the tit and fill my belly. One morning, I bit the cows tit and she kicked me out the door so that was the way I learned to milk.

At five years old, My Grandfather and Grandmother took Me to see my Father and Mother in New York State. This was a distance of a hundred miles. I got in a hurry to leave for fear MY Father would keep me, so I got the Horse and tied it up to the Horse-block. They used the breast-harness. I got up on the block and got the Harness over its head and worked it on the Horse, then hitched it to the Wagon and went out and got hold of Grandfather and wanted him to go along. I pulled and He went with me and seen the Horse ready to go. He could not believe I had harnessed the Horse. I did, all the same. After their visit, they returned to Massachusetts in New Salem. I stayed with them until I

with them until I was ten years old, then I came to Father in York State and stayed with him as long as He lived. He died in Nauvoo in 1844.

At the age of 13, I had a fight with a Bull which I came out winner. My Father found it and had it tied up and kept there, so killed another small freak of Boyhood.

My Father sent me to a neighbors to borrow a Flemm to bleed a h I did the errand, took them home. After their use, I was sent back to the neighbors with them. I started on my errand. Going thru the wood I came to a rotten stump and bled it, and soon came to a Maple stump and bled it and broke the Flemm. I was in a bad fix. The Neighbors had had a dark entry door opening outward, So I condescended to tear a hole in my pocket and go in the dark entry and leave the Flemm on the floor behind. I did and went and seen the folks. I looked in my pocket and lost the Flemm, also found the hole. I went hunting the Flemm. I got and Father never knew what a trick I had played until years after. So much for Boyish pranks.

About the next job I got into, I helped a girl get from New York State to Nauvoo. She had joined the Latter Day Saints and had a Brother in Nauvoo. Her Father was not willing to let her go. Her name was Jeanette Rissell, married to My Brother John Murdock.

Commencing in 1848 in Salt Lake, a little list of rough encounters one way and another. Driving a Bull from S.L. City to Heights herd, I got mad and pitched into my horse and hit him in the shoulder. I jumped from the horse and the bull jumped for me. I got him by the tail and had a fine row, then He tried to hook and kick me. I hung to him. At last He took a run and sprung. I tricked him in, then I beat him and off all right.

The next was with a Texas Cow. I got her in a Correll. She jumped and I jumped on my Horse and took after her,; She fell and slid on her side. I jumped from my Horse and struck on her flank with my knees in the hollow of the flanks and rode with her. When she stopped, I cut her throat and I had her then.

Incident occurred in Nauvoo, 1846:

I was at a pasture of one of the Neighbors. They had a fighting Steer. They could not rope him. He run everyone out of the pasture. I went in where He was, having a club in my hand. He made for me. As He came on full force, I dodged him and knocked him down and jumped and caught him by the nose, holding him until they put the ropes on him.

While crossing the Mississippi River, the Brethren had a silly S They could not keep him on the Boat. I told them to drive him on and would hold him. They done so. The Steer came full force sped. I caught him by the nose with one hand, the other arm around his neck and threw him and held him until they roped him and tied him on the boat.

I was knocked down while I worked for the Church in Salt Lake, at 1856, by an Oxen. He throwed me so heavy on my back that my feet came over and doubled me up. He jumped on me and jammed his horns into the ground and his head on my legs. He doubled me so short that it sprung my neck in the big joint. So broken I was on my back that I could not get up. My neck is stiff and lame to this day.

At another time, I was caught while Lassoing, by the lasso rope and dragged by a wild horse. I bumped me good. At another time, I was caught by the foot by a Wild Horse and dragged around a bit. Still it did not hurt me.

I worked for the Church 8 years riding wild Horses, driving Cattle to the Island in S.L., bringing them off and so on.

I was hauling timbers in Bingham Canyon in S.L. County. I went to tie a chain in front of an Oxen. It caught me with its horn and threw me five or six feet, cutting a hole through into my mouth. I had to go

to S.L. City. There John Kay sewed up my face and it healed up soon.

At another time, I went into the Corral at White's fort and put a lasso on a horse standing in a band. I think he must have been asleep as he was gentle, but as he came out he was scared and ran as fast as he could, throwing me headlong down the hill. The ground was hard and frozen. I struck on one of my hands, throwing all my fingers and thumb out of joint. I sat down and set them all and they got allright soon.

While the Emigration was going to California, I started for Green River with 9 others to put in a Ferry Boat to cross the Emigrants going to and from California. We traveled to Bear River. It was full, steep banks and swift. I could not get any of the Boys to cross the River, so I took the largest Horse, saddled him and started into the river. The water run over his back, head and neck. I crossed on to an Island, then down the river, bearing on anangle until I got across, then I came back the same way. I had the Boys put ropes to the Wagon and hold on. I put a rope to the lead yoke of Oxen and to the horn of the saddle, then put a rope on another Horse and he drove on the lower side. I rode the lead Horse, so we got through with all the teams and was safe on the other side of the River, and thanked the Lord for His mercy in our protection.

We moved on to Bridger, then to Black's Fork, then to Green River. There we built a flat Boat and commenced crossing Emigrants. Then I and four others took our teams and started for Sublets crossing on Green River. We soon arrived and went to work making a flat boat large enough to carry three wagons. I took care of the Stock trade. Bought and sold. We got \$7.00 a wagon. We could cross a wagon in fifty minutes. We towed up one side with cattle and rowed down the river, landing on the other side. As I was crossing and coiling the rope, one of the Boys back-watered the oar, striking me on the back-side and knocking me in the River. I came up with my hands on the front of the Boat and the Boys pulled me on board all right. So I was saved.

We had a rough set of Men to deal with. I had to work day and night. They would steal our Horses and Cattle, but we made lots of money. We cleared about \$1,000.00 a piece. When I returned home, I paid my Tithing and was blessed. We then returned to Salt Lake. Soon after returning home, I commenced working for the Church taking care of Stock for 8 yrs. Then I was called to go to Carson Valley. I bought out "Lucky Bill" and hired Indians to do my work. The Whites at Reeses Station shot an Indian in cold blood for which the Indians raised on the war-path. They came to my house one night and called me out. They told me that they were mad at the Whites and the Indians who worked for me. I saw that there were 40 Indians all painted black. I knew they were mad. I asked them if they were mad at me? They said, No, they loved me. I told them if they loved me, I loved My Indians. The Chief talked with his Indian and they agreed to let my Indians alone. They must stay in Camp nights and I could go to California day or night.

Soon after this, I had to go to California. I started and went three miles and overtook a stranger going the same way. After traveling a little way, He told me that He had a good deal of money and wanted me to hold on and travel with him. I consented. We travelled on until we reached the foot of the Sierra Nevada Mountains. We camped there for the night in a cabin. Two men kept the place. About ten o' clock at night, a man came running down the mountain and ran into the cabin and said the Indians were killing men in the Mountains. In the morning, I told the two men that lived in the Cabin, that they had better go with us up to the top of the Mountains. They did so and we found a man dead and his clothing all taken off from him. His name was Mack Macklin. These men went back and sent word to Carson where the man lived. They came and took care of the body. Me and my comrade went on. We travelled

until night, finding another man dead on the way. We reached the first houses on Mariez River and reported the bodies we had found. Men went back and cared for them. That night we reached Placerville all right.

On my return at the head, where the road is in heavy timber, of the Mariez River, I was surrounded by 40 Indians. They sprang out of the timbers. My Horse reared straight up on my head, I think. I thought I was a goner. Soon one of them called me by name. I was all right. They wanted to know who that Mexican was with me. I told them He was my Friend. They said that was all right that all the Indians knew me. I could travel through the mountains to California and back to Carson. The Indians all knew me, so I travelled all right. I was preserved.

I will give a sketch of Father and Mother's sickness. Father broke an artery in his back by lifting at the age of 22. He went under the Drs. care and suffered thirty five years. In the long years of suffering He read the Bible thoroughly. Being well-read in the Bible, He could not believe in any of the Religious Sects of the day. He studied a lot as to the different Religious sects, believing thoroughly in the Restoration of the Gospel, that the same blessings would be restored as in the days of the Saviour. The same blessings of healing and laying on of hands by those having authority of the Priesthood, and He had faith that He would live to see the Power of the Lord manifested on this earth.

In 1836, He was given up to die in the last stages of Consumption. He had to be lifted on Sheets. An Elder of the L.D.S. Church by the name of Jonathan Dunham called and wanted to see him. We told him He was so low we couldn't let anyone see him. He seemed so anxious to see Father, so we told him that if He would wait until 4'o clock, He could see him. He did so and went in and seen Father. Father spoke to him and asked him if He believed in a new Religion? The Elder said "No", it is an old Religion restored through The Prophet Joseph Smith, the same Gospel that was held and preached by Jesus Christ. He declared the same Gosepel would be restored in our day.

My Father told the Elder that He was one of the greatest Imposter of the work of the Lord, and if it was of the Lord, He wanted him to pray for Him and lay hands on Him and if the work was of the Lord God, He would be healed. If not, He would not be healed. The Elder knelt down and prayed for Father, got up and layed hands upon His head, blessed him and asked the Lord to heal him of his long sickness. Father was healed so that He got up the next morning, dressed himself and ate his Breakfast with his family. He received this blessing before Baptism. So you can see the Lord had respect to the order of Heaven.

My Mother had been confined to her room over five years. She was healed also and others. This was the first starting of the Lord's work in this part of New York State, town of Hamilton, Co. of Madison. I received the Gospel in April, 1836. I bare my testimony to what I have written as an eye witness.

Joseph Stacy Murdock.

I had one of my Sons die, by the name of Nymphus Hyrum Murdock. He was killed by a log in Provo River. I am satisfied He is with my Father in the Spirit World.

I will give a little history of My work in the Temple at St. George Myself, Brother Nymphus, Sister Betsy and Daughter Charlotte. We done work for our near relatives and was baptized for them and received endowments for all we thought of. We made to start home on Saturday morning. This was on Friday. I was the last one dressing. I came out of the Baptizmal Chamber and here stood three ladies side by side. One of them spoke to me and said, "here is three of your Aunts that you

have missed in your work". I did not know them. They had died before I knew them. I was satisfied they had not lied to me. I had my papers for all of the Uncles and Aunts. My Sister Betsy was 15 years older than myself. I told Her that we had missed 3 of our Aunts. She thought not I told her we would look over the papers. We did so and soon found the 3 Aunts we had missed, and I had their work done. I bare my testimony that I saw them with my natural eyes and heard their voices with my ears

Joseph S Murdock.

When I was 63 years old, one of my Sons bought a Bull that was crazy. He was turned into the hills with other cattle. While passing alone a trail on a steep side-hill with a red handkerchief over my eye all at once I thought I would look where I was. The Bull was right on me. He had shut his eyes and plunged at me. I caught him by the horns with my hands and straightened my reigns. He raised me and threw me down the steep side hill. I went 50 feet. He plunged after me. I spru and just got out of his way and He went down the steep hill. I got off all right. I was all right side up with care.

In the Winter of 1846 while taking care of the Battalion Women and Cattle, we had a bad horse to catch. He would eat our grain when we tried to catch him. One day myself and Norton Haight went into the woods to catch him. We found him and He came up to us and ate our grain I caught him by the mane, and He ran away with me through the timber. I was hanging to his mane and I saw a big tree in the turn of the snow path and saw that I was going to hit the tree. There was a big stump. I curled up my feet and cleared the stump, dropped into the Snow and slid my head within one foot of the tree. I was all right. Norton came up and He was all right, but white as a sheet.

End of Diary except for Dreams.

Grandmother Murdock gave me permission to write this Diary off so we could preserve it. However, it was with the provision, and I promised Her that I would not copy the Dreams. She said it was because She didn't want anyone or anything to laugh at Grandfather or to make fun of Him in any way. I copied them anyway, and I leave it to the discretion of whichever one of the Family gets these Sheets, that they adhere to her wishes.

Rhea M Holm.

A list of Dreams commencing in 1836:

In New York State, Hamilton Co., April 10th. I was baptized into the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints. I went to bed. While I was asleep, (there was a pole at the head of my bed) I saw a Crow sit on this pole and talked to me. His words made me feel very bad and full of sorrow. All at once a white Dove lit on the same pole. The Crow made 3 hops to one side and flew off. The Dove flew down and lighted on my Breast and commenced to talk to me. I was so happy and joyful that I woke up praising and thanking the Lord. I felt very Happy.

Joseph Stacy Murdock.

To me I understood the two powers of light and darkness. I felt very thankful to the Lord for His Blessing.

While living in Nauvoo in 1844, I dreamed I saw Nauvoo broken up. I seen the people go up and down the Mississippi River fast. I saw myself going West. I seen the Wagons and Tents strung along the Bluff. I also saw the Cattle and Sheep eating grass. The Sun about two hours before sundown.

Time rolled on. In 1846 I saw the People go down the Mississippi River and up the same, and go East into West Canyon. I crossed the River. When I got over, I hitched up my team and drove around a bend of the River. There I saw my Dream fulfilled to the letter. I saw the Wagons and Tents strung along the Bluff, the cattle eating grass and the sun two hours away from sunset.

After I got in Salt Lake I had a dream. I thought I found myself in a City. The Streets were paved with Gold or something that looked like it. I found myself all alone in this beautiful City. The houses were Cottage type, built on each side of the Streets and beautiful flower gardens. I thought I was a rough looking fellow to be in such a nice City. I could see no one to talk with. I felt as a stranger there. The street was located as for grade like Main Street in Salt Lake City. It stood as if it were opposite the Walker House and looking up the Street. I saw a Company come out of the Temple Yard. To all appearances they marched in solid columns until they got opposite me. There were fourteen in columns, all dressed in Temple Clothes and veiled. They were a beautiful looking Company. The foremost man ordered Halt. It was Bro. Joseph Smith. I knew His voice. He stepped out of the Company and threw back his Veil and I saw it was Bro. Joseph Smith. He hallooed that all was right. His voice made the earth fairly shake. He then ordered the rest of the Brethren of Thirteen to face Me and throw back their veils. Bro. Hyrum Smith was next to Br. Joseph, Bro. Brigham Young next, Bro. Kimball next. The rest of them were Saints I did not know. I was told the City was the City that Bro. Joseph Smith's spirit resided in and that He had command of other fine Companies. I wanted to know why Bro. Brigham Young and Bro. Kimball appeared in this Company because I knew they were still alive on this Earth. I thought Bro. Joseph knew my thoughts and spoke to me and said: "The reason Bro. Brigham and Bro.

Heber appear in this attitude is simply that they are just as near us as they can be standing on the Earth, but they have not passed through the Veil the rest of us have passed through. Then He gave me to understand that of the Kingdom of God on Earth, it was not for me to remember the words He spoke. Brother Joseph spoke of the mob that killed Him at Carthage Jail. His voice seemed to shake the Earth. Then He said the Men might go to Hell and be Damned. He was the Boy that ruled this Kingdom till Hell might boil.

I had a Dream when I was on my way coming Home from Dixie. I was between Cedar City and Parowan. I saw an Army of the U.S. They camped at the beginning East of the Graveyard in Salt Lake City, extending clear round to Cottonwood Creek, holding all the Bench Land. The Saint held from Cottonwood Creek to the Jordan River, then down the River to the Hot Springs and held the City. Our Company was organized with Captains of hundreds and fiftys and tens. I rode seemingly from Heber City on a Rone Horse. As I was riding thru Salt Lake City, there was a Company of old men and they wanted me to join them. I told them I was going up to Head-quarters and see what was going on. As I got up to the old Council House, Bro. Brigham had command, and He gave word to his Adi-camp to tell all the Captains thru all the lines, that all who were not willing to give all their property and their lives for the Gospel sake, to go over to the other side. There were a good many that went and joined the U.S. Army. Bro. Young gave them a second chance to go. A few went the second call and joined the other side. Bro. Young gave them a third chance to go over to our enemies side and urged them to go but there was not another man to move out of all our lines. Bro. Young sent word to the Gentile Commander that we were ready. The two Armies marched up in clear range and halted. The Gentile Commander took His Sword by the hilt and run his hand out and stretched his sword over his head and took an oath that He would not fight Polygamy. He marched off the grounds and I woke up.

A dream of seeing Father. He came to Me one night and told Me that He would give Me until ten o' clock on the third day to live on this Earth. I understood I would have to die and leave My Family, Children and all. It seemed to Me I never could have had anything more real come to me. After all My thoughts, I told Father that I had no excuse to make. If He said "Go", go it was, but there was one thing I had thought of and I did not know if I was worthy to carry it out. He stopped and studied Me and said "What is it, Joseph?" I said it was in relation to Our dead, that I would be willing to do for them all if I could. He then said He would see me again about that. He returned to Me again that same night and told Me I had better tary on the Earth, but He was vey busy and needed me very much. I then woke up. So you see, the dead have something to do.

My Brother John, who is dead, came to me in a Dream. He stood at my bedside, looking very anxious for me to speak to him. I spoke to Him. I said, "Brother John, are you perfectly happy?" "No" was his reply "Nor no man can be when He first leaves this Earth". I will explain by saying when we were little, we learned our A B C's and so on. When We pass thru the Vale into the Spirit World, we go by degrees from one to another and so on. I don't want you and Mother to worry any more about Me. I am a great deal better off than I was on Earth. I have had power given Me to waft myself from one place to another. For that reason, I have come to see you and tell you that it takes time for perfect happiness" Thus ends the Dream.

I had a Dream the night I stayed at Kanarow on my return from Dixie. I saw Brother Brigham Young and Bro. Heber C Kimball at the foot of a rugged mountain. The rocks projected over the side of the mountain so much that it seemed impossible to all human sight to get over or thru it in any shape. I thought Bro. Kimball was dead, (and so He was at the time), but I never saw him look more pleasant and good. Bro. Young said to me: "Bro. Joseph, what do you think of this Mountain? Can We get over it? I said that it did not look possible to all human appearances. I said that We had always made the riffle and I thought We would get through all right. Bro. Brigham said We would make the riffle and turning on his left foot, clear around, hit me with the rig one in the backside saying to never mind because We would make it and all would be right. I woke up and said to My Folks that I was going to see Bro. Young in a like place. He would get through by the Blessings of the Lord.

I traveled home to Heber in Provo Valley, Wasatch Co. about ten days before Bro. Brigham died. I went into Salt Lake City and went into His Office and He came in. I was sitting on a Sofa. He came in and sat down by my side and said, "Joseph, I want to tell you what I have been doing". I said, "That is what I want to know". He went on and said He had put Bro. John Taylor in the place of Bro. Hyde and He had called all the twelve Home from where they had been sent to preside, and He had them go to work and put every Stake of Zion in order throughout all of the Valleys of the Saints in the Mountains where they reside. He said, "And now I have rolled the burden of this Kingdom off onto the 12 Apostles with Bro. Taylor and their Head". We rose to our feet and He said, "And now I am as free as the Heavens". Turning clear around on his left foot, and kicking Me in the back-side. The thought came to me at once, Is Bro. Brigham going to die? I thought of Bro. Joseph Smith when He rolled the burden of the Kingdom off onto the 12 Apostles with Bro. Young at their head. I went home and just one week after that He was dead. I went to his funeral and saw him laid away in His Tomb. I seen the Mountains, so rough, and He passed through and is all right.

There was Bill Heckman and other Apostates that gave their testimony against Pres. Brigham Young, doing their very best to destroy Him, but they were sadly disappointed. The wicked had not the Power to destroy Him. So you can see the Lord can carry out His great work in these our days, in spite of the wicked and the un-godly. Bro. Brigham and Bro. Kimball filled up their work on this Earth as well as Bro. Joseph Smith and Bro. Hyrum Smith. So you can see the Lord roles on His mighty work in our day.

#### End of Dreams

Joseph Stacy Murdock was baptized in the year 1836, April, in York State by Jonathan Dunham, Elder in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints.

Ordained an Elder in the year 1845 under the hand of Brigham Young in the 11th quorum of Seventies. Jess Harmon and Hosey Stout, Pres. of Quorum in Nauvoo, Illinois.

Emigrated to Salt Lake City, Utah in 1847

Ordained a High Priest in Salt Lake City Nov. 15, 1860 and set apart as a Bishop to preside in Provo Valley under the hands of Bro. Brigham Young and Daniel Wells. Presiding Presidents-- Brigham Young and Heber C Kimball.

Worked for the Church 8 yrs. in S.L., Went to Carson Valley 2

and 3 years, then to American Fork 3 years, Provo Valley (Heber City) 8 years, then to Dixie 3 years. Returned to Heber City, Utah.

Diary of Time spent in Penitentiary:

I went to the Penitentiary Sat, April 20, 1889.

April 20, 1889 Sat- Got there at Dusk  
" 21 Sun- Got Breakfast, went to Sunday School. Had Dinner and Supper.  
" 22 Mon- Passed the day in the Yard, writing, Visitor Bro. Jack.  
" 23 Tues- D O  
" 24 Wed- D O  
" 25 Thurs- Bro. Jack called to see me and others.  
" 26 Fri - Spent the day as usual  
" 27 Sat - Writing Home  
" 28 Sun - Went to Sunday School and Meeting. Heard a Woman Preach and Swedish Woman & Girl read piece  
" 29 Mon - As Common  
" 30 Tues - The 100th Washington, Presidents Inauguration Day. We had Comic songs and such.  
May 1 Wed - Nothing New  
" 2 Thurs- There were Visitors. The Wind blew hard.  
" 3 Fri - Nothing New  
" 4 Sat - D O  
" 5 Sun - Went to Sunday School & Meeting. Had Visitors  
" 6 Mon - As Usual. Rained. Watson & Wife, Father and Wife  
" 7 Tues - D O - Rained - Bro. Jack visited.  
" 8 Wed - D O - Cold- Bro Jack visited.  
" 9 Thurs- D O- Cold- Bro. Marion Lyman visited.  
" 10 Fri - D O - Cold- Called Me out, Sons David & Alva visit  
" 11 Sat- Weather pleasant- Received from the Boys thru the kindness of the Officers, some Honey & Preserv and was obliged.  
" 12 Sun - Went to Sunday School and Meeting.  
" 13 Mon - Looks rather Stormy.  
" 14 Tues - Pleasant.  
" 15 Wed - Raining very steady.  
" 16 Thurs - Cloudy Nite- Rained Good.  
" 17 Fri - Cloudy. Looks like rain.  
" 18 Sat - Rather Cloudy  
" 19 Sun - Went to Methodist Meeting. Bro White, Bosceld Bateman, Penrose and Scale child visited. The Band played.  
" 20 Mon - Fine weather.  
" 21 Tues - Fine weather.  
" 22 Wed - Fine weather.  
" 23 Thurs- Fine weather.  
" 24 Fri - Left Penitentiary. Stayed at Bro. James Watsons  
" 25 Sat - Went to Provo City.  
" 26 Sun - Stayed at Provo and went to Meeting.  
" 27 Mon - Went Home to Provo Valley (Heber City). Several of the Brethren and many of the Sisters, 3 of Nieces. At nite, the Brass Band came to my house Played several tunes. Many of the Brothers and Sisters and children were present.